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DESTINY OF CANADA

—BY—

JAMES STARK,

PAISLEY, CANADA.

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DESTINY OF CANADA.

By JAMES STARK,

PAISLEY, ONT.

CANADA.

Canada ; dear adopted home,
Now nearly forty years
I've trod thy soil, and shared with thee
Thy toils, thy joys, and fears.

The flag of dear old motherland,
With dignity unfurl'd,
Floats proudly to protect thee
In defiance of the world.

Your lands extend from sea to sea,
In mod'rate frigid zone,
'Gaitors, snakes, and orange trees, are
To Canada unknown.

At the time of revolution,
When the Col'nies went free
From subject to the British crown,
By tax imposed on tea.

Then Quebec up to Niagara,
Few white men, don't know who,
Scanned with the vast lakes, wooded shores
In Indian's birch canoe.

Ontario, all as nature made
Few whites so far had trod
Until the U. E. Loyalists
Made it their loved abode.

Only the ramparts of Quebec
The bush and water course
Saved Canada for Britain
From united rebel force.

Ontario, no better land
On west side of the sea;
Thy clime is pleasing, not severe,
You are both rich and free.

Quebec, so hazy, cold and slow,
Unless in Montreal;
The priests and Papacy o'erride
The French and govern all.

No matter whether right or wrong,
The country live or die,
Enrich the church, or know your fate,
Is Papist battle cry.

Alas! alas! for poor Quebec,
So priestly trodden down,
You worse than Ireland are enslaved,
Who's troublous to the crown.

Priests have the right, let them unite
In worship every hour,
But not to rule in politics
And Canada devour.

Our vast Northwest, known as lone land
Not many years ago,
British Columbia likewise
Begins to make a show.

The resources of those countries
Are fabulous to tell,—
Their countless grain and minerals
The world's supply to swell.

With capital and labor, room
For millions yet untold;
To plough the soil and cities build,
And all their wealths unfold.

The C. P. R. in magnitude
Has opened up their ways,
A work so great and grand, deserves
Both lasting blame and praise.

Blame for its insatiate greed
In taking so much land,
As recompense to build the road,
And our cash at command.

Praise for bold determination,
Defying hills and rocks,
And swamps and streams, and woods and vales
And boulders in great blocks.

Its march was onward, go-ahead,
No other line beside
So many miles in so short time
Did railway track provide.

Now standing on the pinnacle,
Glorying in its power,
All Canada to it are serfs,
And humbly to it cower.

The lucky ones who hold its shares
Will never need repent;
'Tis a perfect Jew investment
And good for cent. per cent.

The G. T. R. is now of old
Some forty years ago,
Then British capital went wild,
They thought they had a flow.

Canadian millions likewise,
To subsidize the road,
Went free; we asked no guarantee,
And all was undertrod.

Widows, heiresses, and maidens,
Who had a little cash,
Thought they could make so easily
A profit without lash.

But Canada, then mostly bush,
Small business had to do,
Lumber then was slow to make,
Grain bushels were but few.

The road was a gigantic scheme,
Built at tremendous cost,
Our subsidy and British shares
Invested, all were lost.

New stocks were raised and Parliament
Made grant of millions more.
The road new life and courage had,
But succumbed as before.

It brings to mind the old time rhyme
We dinna quick forget:
When we fell, we aye got up again,
Aye, and sae will we yet.

The G. T. R., the harbinger
Of all our wealth and power,
Just like the early settlers, had
Its trials to endure.

Now with Western and with Northern,
With Midland and some more,
And lines in the United States
It has got miles galore.

And like the Argosys of old
Its traffic is so great,
Makes jealousy in all the lines
In each adjoining state.

We are proud of those two railways
Monopolies though they be,
And should they suck the Government
Each member has his fee.

Our railways and waterways, and
Our many fine canals,
So geographical for trade
The Yankee mind enthrals.

Since Uncle Sam forsook home land,
We are the mother's son
Who's been pampered and been tampered
And been let have our run.

Britain, the work-shop of the world,
When she Free Trade declared,
The march made of this century
No others were prepared.

Nigh fifty years have now gone by
Of solid Free Trade law,
Such benefits been realized,
None dream't or ever saw.

A stroke so bold and masterly
Took Europe by surprise
And also the United States
Its trade did paralyze.

It drove their commerce from the sea
Nor clippers more did build,
Their grain and timber taken free
In British bottoms filled.

"But time and tide can no man bide"
Nor changes can foretell
That will transpire in fifty years
Those who have seen know well.

Then United States were infants,
Comparatively slow,
Few railways had; their commerce most
Did down the "Erie" flow.

From then till now, just take a view
And see how matters stand,—
The wealth and progress been achieved
And peopling of the land.

No other country 'neath the sky
Since ever time began
Has made such strides in wealth and power
As our own Uncle Sam.

Men of genius and invention
Of every clime and breed,
Worship with thee, thy goddess wealth,
Thou art their friend in need.

Thy greatness few can comprehend,
But you yourselves well know
And think will all creation beat
At your Chicago show.

Your industries, jail protected,
Is selfishness boiled down
'Gainst Canada and Britain,
As we call you our own.

One common race, one origin
From whence we all have sprung,
And all citizens from Europe
Now learn the English tongue.

Ours are the blessed, happy lands,
Decree'd by heaven above,
That Britain and America
Will rule the earth in love.

Could the Lion, and the Eagle,
And Beaver, play as one,
In lasting peace or tragic fight
They're matchless 'neath the sun.

The Lion from his sea girt isle
Has leapt o'er sea and land
Swaying sceptre over millions
Who obey at his command.

The island continent he sways,
And India serene,
Whose many countless hordes, in love,
Revere the Empress Queen.

So many lands nigh nameless are
Protected by his power,
His might and strength unfading, he's
The Lion of the hour.

The Eagle with extended wings
In silence soars away,
So crafty, unexpectedly
He lights upon his prey.

The Eagle of this continent.
Which Lion fought and won,
Now sits in state and majesty
For wonders he has done.

But he tho' at full liberty,
Is slow and shy to breed,
And the plumage of all nations
Do hatch for him instead.

South, west, and east, one solid block,
Is all the Eagle's own;
He got nearly all he sighed for
'Cept Ontario alone.

The Beaver of bush Canada
Has been our emblem true,
As his patience and industry
Is our life through and through.

Until Northwest was opened up
Our farming was but slow.
As the oxen, axe and handspike
Had to precede the plow.

Now with smooth and fertile prairie
As on the flowing main,
The boy can plow his furrow miles
And furrow back again.

The Northwest in its embryo,
Magnificently grand;
The golden grain by millions grows,
As if by magic wand.

Grain with minerals and timber,
So boundless unexplored,
And fisheries prolific, make
Our lasting wealth and hoard.

Our position as a nation
Or a colony so free,
Or to join with the Republic,
Is a problem far to see.

To aim at our independence
Is folly to begin,
With unprotected boundaries
All open from within.

Britain, mother of creation,
All through this modern world,
Has colonies and empires built
And many flags unfurl'd.

Your title has been justly earned
As Empress of the Sea;
The sun on others shines and clouds,
But always shines on thee.

When New England, Old Dominion,
New York and Pensylva,
Were the colonies of Britain
As with Canada to-day.

Old grandpa George and Parliament
Were cranks and ruled unwise,
And lost for aye the heaven of lands,
And all with open eyes.

When independence was proclaimed
And liberty was sealed,
All lands known then as Canada
Remained true to their bield.

With all the sea-bound Provinces
Whose fortune with ours blend,
Then Hudson Bay, so far away,
Would not for it contend.

Newfoundland, not of Canada,
But under British sway,
Would quickly hoist the stars and stripes
If she could get away.

The loyalty of Canada
To our own mother Queen,
Over all her vast dominions
With us has reign'd supreme.

Since Wolfe and Montcalm raised the siege
The flag has braved the breeze,
And all sung praise of Britain's crown
At plough or chopping trees.

In Quebec, of French extraction,
French tongue and laws have scope,
Our Queen is honored and revered
Just second to the Pope.

The privileges we now enjoy
Are more than we deserve;
Your markets all to us are free,
And we do ours conserve.

Necessity in common rule
Is often passed as law,
Such is our case so circumscribed
Nor money had to draw.

Ontario of herself is rich
By lands and timber sold,
All other of our provinces
Are very scant of gold.

So many miles of railway built
All largely subsidized
With canals, and locks, and harbors,
We have the world surprised.

Our parliament and government,
With great and noble grace
Have borrowed every dollar
Where they could run their face.

With such immense expenditure,
So few the cost to share,
Our debt's a debt of magnitude
The country cannot bear.

Some members blow and fondly show
Large increase we will get,
And others prove more easily
The increase of our debt.

One chief cause of tribulation
We cannot well avoid,
As spare capital and labor
Leave for the other side.

Were the boundaries of the States
A thousand miles across,
And our lands all compact as theirs,
We would have no such loss.

Our harbors on Pacific Coast
Are always open clear;
On this coast, barring Halifax,
They're ice bound half the year.

As an independent nation
We could not move at will,
As a colony of Britian
We are no better still.

Before Confederation passed
Each Province made its laws
All preferential for its own
The others to transpose.

When Union's glorious halo
Cemented all in one,
Canadians, all so happy then,
Millennium had come.

N. P., the grand panaces
Of all our wants and woes,
So pleasant, sweet, and mellow, some
Have had an overdose.

Free trade our aim and birthright's claim
As passed in fifty-four,
Large hearted Sons of Canada
Continue to adore.

The bulwarks of our country were
Young men and maidens true,
Who joined in wedlock and went forth
The forest to subdue.

Who cleared the land, and built a home
Midst troubles all and joys,
Their cares and pleasures, sheep and kine,
And crop of girls and boys,

Who in turn leave for prairie land—
Bush farming was too slow—
They run the plow, and from first crop
Some thousand bushels grow.

The progress we are making
As to how we multiply,
Is a test and indication
If we will live or die.

Our increase by emigration
Throughout the past decade
Shows a million souls were added
More than we ever had.

Our increase by Heaven's bounty
From nature's happy source,
Added six hundred thousand more
For better or for worse.

Our expectations floated high
Until numerators showed
Increase of our half continent
Less than Chicago growed.

How disastrous and appalling
It's sad and sore to know,
That with births and blood imported
We did not faster grow.

For Manitoba and North-West
Great many there have gone,
Who numerous million bushels tell
Themselves are counted on.

The cities of America
The woods of Michigan,
And the lands of the Dakotahs
Have robbed us of our men.

Of our sons and many daughters
And whole families in line,
Whom we so fondly nursed and taught,
Then leave us for all time.

Those numerous wealthy cities
With all extended arms,
Invite, enchant, young Canada,
With their prolific charms.

Our teachers, preachers, doctors, men
Of science, wit, and skill,
Men of business, law and labor
And trades their cities fill.

Cities: Those trade and labor homes
Where millions toil and thrive
Midst luxury and poverty
They all delight to live.

Some say N. P. protective laws
Are driving all away
Not so; it is the wider field
Induced by better pay.

With states protected to the teeth
Oh; how could we exist,
Since abrogation of free trade
If on the free trade list.

Too strong our party politics,
No good but evil done,
To hold the reins of government
They sell us right along.

Our uncle in his rising might
His Senators harp on,
Our destiny as bound with theirs,
The continent in one.

The feeling of Canadians
Is half way and between,
As to join the great Republic,
Or stand by Britain's Queen.

With Britain's fresh imported sons
Home sentiments are strong,
With old sires and rising families,
How they best can get along.

As bulwark of the mother land
And market for its ware,
Its naval power is ours, while we
Its destiny will share.

Our cousins lately do aspire
To rule upon the sea.
So many war ships building now,
A terror soon will be.

Financially, so far we are
A burden to the Crown,
While upholders of its prestige,
Its glory and renown.

Many, million, million acres,
Of choice wheat virgin soil,
Await the plough and bread provide
For all her sons of toil.

With short high-way to India,
To China and Japan,
And means to centralize in war
Her forces to a man.

To concentrate her mighty power
And hold the ruling sway,
Those elements with gold must have
Or power will soon decay.

Expression of odd sentiments
Some connoisseurs may vex,
Who think my aim and purpose
Is to Canada annex.

Our loyal feelings to the flag
Unquivering hold true,
But facts, those stern realities,
Cannot be hid from view.

Would like to see free trade proclaimed
With all the English race;
A scheme so vast would move the world,
But will it e'er take place?

Oh, could we measure in a span
The moves in each decade,
Since revolution, and the growth
America has made.

Then colonies of millions three,
Now nearly sixty-five,
Dwell in that land of freedom,
Of humanity a hive.

With population doubling twice
In less than life of man,
When two more generations will
Two hundred millions scan.

Their granaries all bursting full,
With plenty and to spare,
The States are Egypt of our age
And feed the starving "Bear."

Such plentiful immensity
They hold and ship across,
Stays pangs of death and hunger caused
By Europe's harvest loss.

Their climate shares with every clime,
They all kinds of growth produce,
With resources almost endless
When once fully put in use.

One drawback to their lasting growth
As time on ages run,
Unless Alaska unexplored
Wheat land is running done.

The greater we, the greater be
With nations as with men.
The more they have, they more acquire,
And not pleased even then.

America, immensely rich,
Is growing richer still,
Since eggs are all protected
By small-souled McKinley's bill.

The powers that beat Washington
Unfold each mighty scheme,
Of forts, and warships, and canal,
They all of conquest dream.

Their young and rising all are taught,
And through life as they go
To love and solve the problem, called
The doctrine of "Munro."

Their scheme encircling Niagara's foam
By sea-craft deep canal,
With forts and battlements all o'er,
'Twill British minds enthral.

Moved by proud ambitious glory
And aggrandizing power,
A navy strong to Britain match
Is building hour by hour.

That our Uncle Sam's aggressive
Is wrong to make pretence,
While he spends a few loose dollars
Just in his own defence.

He, like Vanderbilt and Sage, of
His shadow is afraid,
Lest his own poorer cousins share
The dollars he has made.

Perchance to strike a tuneful chord,
In irony we speak;
Some it may sorrow, others please,
But nature loves a freak.

At first methought to spin a thread,
I rolled it on and on.
Now soon must quit or weave a web
Ere yet I may be done.

Of Canada and Maple leaf
I often love to sing,
To home of youth and early prime
My heart will ever cling.

The destiny of Canada
In trying to unfold,
Our senators and statesmen
Will think me rather bold.

All M. P.'s learned like H. P. O.,
The Bruce immaculate,
Think only lawyers trained in law
Can know or tell our fate.

Oh; should it be that left to me
Of only common blood,
I may reveal a destiny
By them not understood.

My aim to fair and justly place
Position of all three,
Its own and to each other bear
Will prove our destiny.

Of Britons and Canadians
Impulsively, I say,
They long have fondly ruled in love,
We did in love obey.

To measure future by the past
Resounds the golden rule
Of what has been transpires again,
All history is full.

Could Canada build and preserve
Would fondly like to show
But our sons leaving for the States
Is source of endless woe.

Such drain of wealth and human blood
From country sparse and new,
Leaves debt and poverty behind
To carry and pursue.

With all home and foreign increase,
Increase of cultured lands,
And a few crowded wealthy cities
We are drifting on the sands,

Since our uncle, strong and mighty,
Has issued his decree
Forbidding trade. But training school
And nursery to be.

Old Britain to young Canada
Is mother dear to son,
Old Britain to America
Relationship is done.

Their battles have been fought of old
And may be fought again,
When, right or wrong, America
Will Munro law maintain.

They in their mighty growing strength
Feel aching in their loins,
While north and south united stand,
They can make warring times.

When navy and projected schemes
And projectiles of war
For assault and defence are made,
They'll crow loud near and far.

When seaboard cities feel secure
From monster British fleet
And John Bull dogs kept held at bay,
Their triumph is complete.

Then Behring sea or fisheries,
Or boundaries to adjust;
They'd show their dignity with sauce,
With bunkum and distrust.

Our Canada, Dominion styled;
A word of noble sound,
Expressing power and sovereignty,
Where greatness should abound.

As colony of Britain, shall
We ever so remain?
No independence has been shown,
Now won't discuss again.

'Twixt Britain and America
Be ever war declared,
With "Canada" the battle ground,
Few "Cannck's" would be spared.

In our strong hardy volunteers
We take no little pride,
But should they face the Yankee hordes,
'Tis simply suicide.

How vastly changed from eighteen-twelve,
When all was forest wild;
Then firing from behind the trees,
Each picked his man and killed.

Now with such elements of war,
And transportation fast,
They'd pour in men as ten to one,
Then how long could we last?

That Uncle Sam would go unscathed
I venture not to say.
Tho' cities sacked and thousands killed,
He's bound to win the day.

With lots of men, and money too,
Mercenaries to buy,
Nor rest until the conquest's won,
When Stars and Stripes would fly.

To meet protection's mandate, so
Unmercifully made,
For coercive annexation
Or ruin to our trade.

Imperial Federation
Like other new born fad,
The only remedy to live,
The best we ever had.

While middle-class and workmen rule
The whim is all in vain.
Their industries they may protect,
They wont protect our grain.

I speak not as I wish or want,
Or fondly like to see,
But of the past, as now we are,
And likely are to be.

Corruption was our cry of old,
Now boodling cry is worse.
From bloodshed free, but crimson stained
In blood of public purse.

With boodling such as Tammany,
Now nearly all blown by,
Free trade or reciprocity,
Or annex is the cry.

Our minerals, so marvellous,
Is treasure not in use.
Waiting life and manufacture
Their millions to produce.

Free trade or reciprocity
Would help us right along,
But wanting time stability,
Would pass off like a song.

Give to us decree eternal
By all the powers involved,
Free trade each way and ever free,
Prosperity is solved.

As one state to all others stands
So in our case would be
The benefits by one derived,
To others all are free.

Grave doubts and fears approach my views
As free trade I contemplate;
Sam will reciprocate no more
Unless we do annexate.

The dear old flag may long protect
Our dignity in full,
But, states remain as one, in time
Our destiny must rule.

JAMES STARK,
Paisley,
Ont.

January, 1892.